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The Dream Man.

By Susan Hartley Swett.

When prowling night drives off the day
And makes Jack Frost grow bolder,
The bright moon like a silver horn,
Slung o'er his dusky shoulder,
There follows close within his track
A funny old man with a pack.

At every wayside door he stops,
His mystic wares to scatter;
His shoes are made of thistle-down,
He makes no noisy clatter;
With sliding bolt or creaking door,
He leaves no foot-prints on the floor.

He asks no price for the most choice
Of all his parcels fairy,
Though some are filled with gold and gems,
And some with posies airy,
And some of toys and sweetmeats nice,
And some of gingerbread and spice.

He comes and goes when no one knows,
The dream man, he from No-land,
He travels, travels everywhere,
From here to Heligoland.
No one he slights, but truth to say,
His best gifts bless the good, alway.

And they who softly fall asleep,
With kindly thoughts and gentle,
When the old dream man opes his pack
Beneath night's dusky mantle,
May find upon their pillows strewn
The sweetest roses ever blown.

Phebe's "Great Trouble."

By Elizabeth Cumings.

"Fanny, you cannot guess what Hannah has just told me!"

Phebe Barnard sprang into the sunny sitting-room, where her most intimate friend, Fanny Newton, sat sewing, as if she were some wildwood creature seeking shelter, and leaned up against the wall, trembling.

"O, Fanny! my heart will break. I can never endure it. Papa—Hannah says—papa is going to be married. I'll never call any new, strange woman mamma! I'll make her wish she'd never come into our home to spoil it! Was there ever a girl in such trouble?"

Phebe's dark eyes snapped with excitement. Her usually rosy face was pale, and her lips twitched so she could scarcely speak. Some instinct told her that Fanny, always before so responsive, was not quite in sympathy with this, to her, overwhelming trouble, and she continued, wrought up in consequence to a key higher:

"And Hannah says it's for my good. Think of that! My good! I don't remember mamma only the least little bit, but I remember Aunt Emma, and I don't want somebody in her place. You can't imagine how I feel! You have your own mamma."

The tears would well up at this point, and Phebe, dropping into the big, red moreen covered Boston rocking-chair, sobbed aloud, while Fanny patted her rough head, and then her unkept hands. Even Fanny admitted that Phebe Barnard was careless for a tall girl almost sixteen, and she preferred that her friend visit her; for the way Hannah Knapp kept the rambling stone house, once the pride of the county, and the home of the Barnards for a century, was not at all attractive.

"It may not be as dreadful a misfortune as you now fancy," she said, softly. "The lady your father loves, you may love, and she may love you. That would be a comfort."

Phebe started up as if shot.

"I saw it in your face! You think it's all right! You—don't care! I'd never have believed it of you, Fanny—you who know what it is to have your own, really truly, dear mother."

Fanny caught her friend's hands in both hers.

"Listen," said she, in a whisper. "My own mother died when I was two years old, and papa was stationed with his troops off in Montana. My mamma whom you know, is—a step-mother. Come out on the parade and I will tell you something."

Somewhere a bugler was practicing, "To the Color." A ginger-complexioned drill sergeant was instructing a very awkward squad down at the left of the great square, beyond which glimmered the deep blue of Lake Ontario, and Timmy Newton, the captain's only son, was playing horse astride the bronze cannon in front of the old barracks to the left, whipping up the relic of the Mexican War with a lilac switch, and occasionally exhorting him "to hustle."

"I never knew mamma wasn't my own till I was twelve. I used to ride all sorts of horses at Fort Shaw, and the summer I was eleven I tried an Indian pony a girl who used to come to the Reservation, to see the doctor for her eyes, rode. Perhaps I did not ride as she did. Perhaps I offended his nose. You know our horses always snort, and shy, and run, if they can, at the smell of Indians. Well, he threw me, and my spine was hurt. Papa got leave to go to New York, and he and mamma took me to a noted doctor. A bone had slipped in the coccyx, and dear mamma held me while it was replaced, and nursed me for a long time afterwards. When Dr. Farrer bade me good-by, he said, 'My dear, you are growing to look more and more like your own mamma. I knew her when she was a little girl like you in Massachusetts.'

"Now, my present mamma was born and reared in Illinois, and I said, 'You surely mean in Illinois.'

"He looked at me, wondering. 'My dear,' said he, gently, 'I mean your own mother, child, not your step-mother. She was a charming woman.'

"I fainted, and was ill some weeks from the shock, and I think papa never has quite forgiven the doctor, though I was sure to have to know soon that usually girls don't have three sets of grandparents, and as soon as I could write, I had been set at writing to grandpapa and grandmamma Howard – my own mother's parents—who live among the Berkshire hills. And mamma felt as badly as I did. She said she felt bereaved. When I asked papa why he had never told me, all he said was, 'We learn to hold our tongues in the army, and to be happy while we may.'

"Mamma has always been, and always will be, my dearest friend. It may sound queer, but though she really isn't any relation, I like her better'n papa, though, of course, I do not love her more."

"But you've always been used to your—mother," objected Phebe; "and I haven't been used to anybody but Aunt Emma and Hannah."

"But can you believe your father will bring home some one you cannot like at all?" asked Fanny, gently. "I cannot believe it."

"If it were only Mrs. Fitch, our Sunday-school teacher," admitted Phebe, "I believe I'd like it."

That night when Professor Barnard pushed back his untasted and somewhat unpalatable supper, he noted that his daughter was dressed with unusual care, and looked even prettier than usual.

"My dear," said he, a little tremulously, "you grow more and more like your dear mother—more and more. Come into the parlor; I have something to tell you."

He had dreaded to make the announcement of his decision far more than he could have told. But he wanted to anticipate any possible mischief-maker. He brushed a chair off before he seated himself. Hannah's housekeeping needed that precautions be used.

"My dear, I have asked Mrs. Fitch to marry me," he said, abruptly, after a brief silence, "and she has said she would. She is a very lovely person, and the friend, the childhood friend, of your mother. I trust you and I can make her happy."

"I believe we can," cried Phebe, to her father's intense astonishment and pleasure. "I shall do my part," and she kissed him.

How A Cat Saved A Prisoner's Life.

In the fifteenth century there was a captive in the Tower of London, concerning whom a remarkable tradition has come down to us. This was Sir Henry Wyatt, grandfather of a rebel imprisoned in a later century, who, because his opinions were opposed to those of the king, was confined for a very long time in a cold and narrow cell, in which he neither had enough food to eat, clothes to warm him, nor even a bed to lie upon; so badly treated, indeed, was the unfortunate man that, but for a devoted little attendant which regularly visited him, he would probably have died of starvation.

This attendant was none other than a cat, which, it is said, came down one day to his dungeon and forthwith formed a friendship with him, he having gladly welcomed her, placing her in his bosom to warm him, and "by making much of her won her love." The attachment to the lonely prisoner having been thus begun, the cat used to come to him several times each day, and when able she would sometimes carry a pigeon to him.

There arose, however, the difficulty as to how to cook the birds; but Sir Henry was soon able to surmount this. On one occasion of his jailer visiting him, he complained of his meagre fare, and when told, as he knew he would be, that it was impossible to better it, he asked, "But supposing I provide any, will you dress it for me?"

"I may well enough agree to do that," replied the man, thinking probably how little prospect there was of being called upon to carry out his promise. And so, much to his astonishment, Wyatt told him about his little visitor; and from that time, whenever a pigeon was brought, the good keeper always dressed it for him.

When at last Sir Henry was released from the Tower, and prosperity came again, we are told that he ever showed great affection for cats; and in his portraits one was generally by his side.

Pearl; the King's Jewel.

By Mary A. Winston.

PEARL certainly was the trial of Miss Winifred's life. He was the dirtiest and the unruliest of all her boys at the Mission school. It was Pearl who delighted to chew up bits of newspaper and fire them at the other boys' cheeks and noses. It was Pearl who had painful coughing spells in the midst of a prayer, or contrived to fall out of his chair with a crash at most impressive and serious moments in the meetings.

"Why don't you turn him out altogether?" suggested one of the other Mission workers. "I call him incorrigible."

Miss Winifred sighed. "If I could only get at the manliness in him and bring it out! It's there, I know."

That night, in her beautiful up-town home, Miss Winifred sat thinking of the Mission school "jewel." "I have it!" she said to herself at last. "I'll trust him. I'll trust him somehow with a great deal. That's the way our heavenly Father helps us grow. He trusts us with things, more and more, too."

So it was that about five o'clock one stormy winter evening Miss Winifred called Pearl to her.

"Pearl," she said, "I'm going to speak out at Pomfrey Beach to-night. The sailors and fishermen have a meeting at the Seamen's Rest. I've planned to have a talk about oysters.

"Do you see this case, Pearl? It contains some jewels that the oyster makes. I want to show them in my talk. Would you like to see them? They're your namesakes, Pearl, and I think they're very beautiful."

She opened the case, and there on a sky-blue bed of velvet lay a wonderful necklace of pearls in their gleaming gold settings. Pearl looked at them admiringly.

"Them are fine," he said, at last, in a shamefaced sort of way. He did not know what all this unwonted attention meant.

"Wouldn't you like to go to the meeting and hear how these are made, Pearl?" asked Miss Winnie, kindly. "Do you know, I wish you would go, because I would like a little help. It's so stormy it will be unpleasant traveling to-night, and I shall be loaded down with other specimens, and books, and tracts I want to carry.

"Pearl, will you help me by carrying this case for me to the Seamen's Rest at Pomfrey? I am not sure when I shall start, so you can meet me there with the case at seven, sharp. Would you like to?"

Pearl's face was full of amazement.

"You want me to carry them jewels all the way to Pomfry fur you, Miss Winifred! Me!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, if you will, Pearl," replied Miss Winifred, gently; and the lad's thin shoulders straightened up involuntarily with pride at the thought of being trusted with the care of those lovely things.

"I'll be there, sure, Miss Winifred, if it takes a leg," he said, brightly.

In an hour's time the storm had increased to a blizzard. There would be no meeting of sailors and fishermen at Pomfrey that night. Miss Winifred decided not to go. She suddenly remembered Pearl, and sent the coachman to meet him at Seamen's Rest and bring him back. The man returned during the evening.

"There ain't been no boy waitin' fur you there, Miss Winifred. That Pearl's a noted bad one. He's run off with your vallywables, sure."

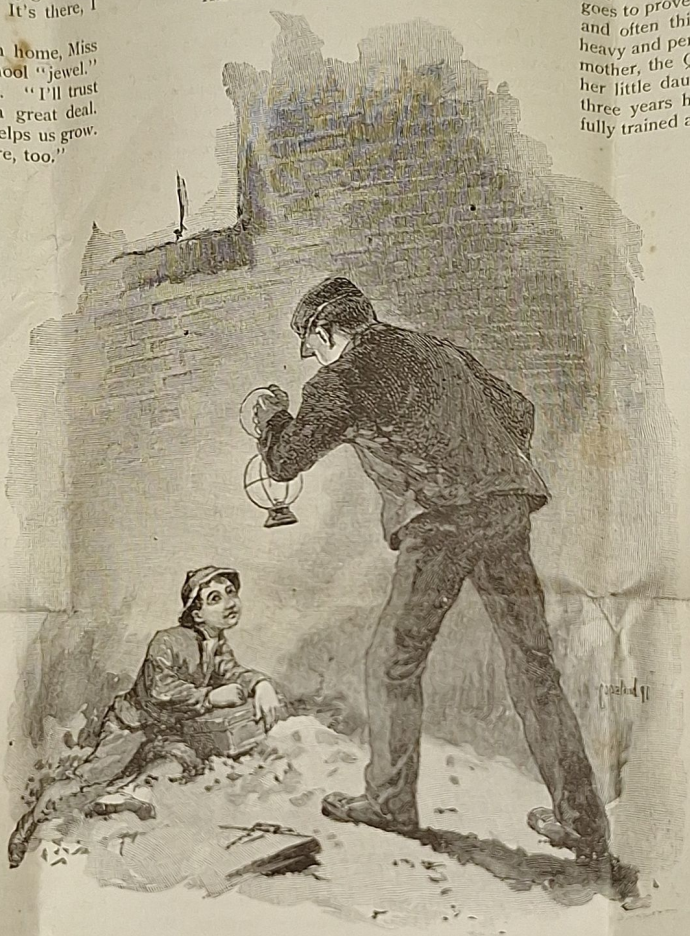
"I don't believe it, Joe," said Miss Winifred, stoutly. "But I'm afraid Pearl's lost in the storm somewhere on the road. I want you to take the gardener and the stable boy, and go back with lanterns to search Pomfrey."

At midnight the men came back, carrying a slight boyish form on a shutter. It was Pearl.

"I took care on 'em fur you, Miss Winnie," he said. "But I couldn't get there. Some fellers chased me to git your box away from me, and I run and run till I fell down a high banking by the old rubber factory. I forgot about it and stepped right off. I guess my leg's hurt; any way, I couldn't git up again. I had to lay there till your man's lantern showed me up. Here's your box, Miss Winnie. I tried to lay over it, so; to keep the snow and wet from spilin' it. I'm sorry—I didn't—git—there." And Pearl had fainted.

Some weeks later, when Pearl, a very white and purified Pearl indeed now, appeared again at the Mission school, the boys and Miss Winifred sang:

"Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own."



GUARDING THE TREASURE.

Pearl joined in with a will, and—the Mission school "jewel" was won for the King.

The Traveled Figurehead.

YEARS ago ships used to have on their bows figureheads, says a writer who has made a study of ships and their doings. Sometimes these figureheads were men painted to look like captains of vessels with spy-glasses at their eyes; and sometimes they were large, massive figures of women with floating garments, and even with wings. The old English bark "Lady Franklin," which was lost many years ago, had the figure of a woman at her bow. For years it is said that this figure floated about the Atlantic, until it was covered with barnacles. It was then picked up by an Italian bark and brought to Baltimore, and now it is to be seen in an old junk-shop. The figure is that of a woman seven feet high, and originally her robe was white; on her head is a wreath, and it is supposed that the figure is meant to represent Lady Franklin, the wife of Sir John Franklin, who was lost in the Arctic explorations. In South street, New York, you will see sometimes over old shops (there is one now over an old blacksmith shop) these old figureheads that have been around the world time and time again. Ships, like bonnets, go out of fashion, and long ago it became unfashionable for a ship to have these figure-heads, and now they are simply kept as reminiscences of the days when sailors said, "Ho! my hearty!" and did the many other things that we read about in books that are supposed to tell us about sailors, but are remarkable chiefly for the things that they do not tell us about them.

The Child-Queen.

WILHELMINA, of Holland, is a girl very much to be envied, so those who think it a grand thing to be a queen believe. But though she is the only child-queen of our times, what we hear of her goes to prove that she holds quite a different view, and often thinks the "burden of a crown" both heavy and perilous for young shoulders to bear. Her mother, the Queen Regent of Holland, has caused her little daughter, Wilhelmina, who will be queen three years hence, when she is twenty, to be carefully trained and educated. Her play is educational, and it has trained her to realize the ideal of Dutch women, a good housekeeper. The "Woman at Work" says:

Het Loo, in Gelderland, is Queen Wilhelmina's favorite home. It is a lovely country estate not far from Apeldoorn. The house is a big old Dutch mansion on the edge of a wood, and the home park is her young Majesty's special playground.

Here she learned to ride and to drive and to row. She does all these things with skill. Here she has a truly royal playground, for a portion of the park is hedged off for her particular diversions.

She has here a miniature farm, which she has learned to superintend for all the world as if she were destined to be a model Dutch housewife. She gives the produce of this little farm to the poor and to neighboring hospitals. She has a flower-garden which she tends during the residence term at Het Loo.

But chief of all, she has her chalet, a pretty little house in the Swiss style, completely equipped, and serving partly as a plaything and partly as a training-school for its lucky mistress. The chalet is well stocked with the toys that have accumulated during the last dozen years, and which are now laid aside.

Here, too, the young queen has learned to "keep house," and nowadays she manages her little "chalet estate" on her own responsibility, receiving her friends there and cooking for the most favored ones some delectable Dutch dish.

Possible for You.

THERE died in Washington, D. C., not so very long since, a negro who commanded the respect of the whole country, Frederick Douglass. Mr. Douglass was once addressing a school, and he told the following story:

"I once knew a little colored boy whose mother and father died when he was but six years old. He was a slave, and had no one to care for him. He slept on a dirt floor in a hovel, and in cold weather would crawl into a meal-bag head foremost and leave his feet in the ashes to keep them warm. Often he would roast an ear of corn and eat it to satisfy his hunger, and many times has he crawled under the barn or stable and secured eggs which he would roast in the fire and eat.

"That boy did not wear pantaloons, as you do, but a tow linen shirt. Schools were unknown to him, and he learned to spell from an old Webster's spelling-book, and to read and write from posters on cellar and barn doors, while boys and men would help him. He would then preach and speak, and soon became well known. He became Presidential Elector, United States Marshal, United States Recorder, United States diplomat, and accumulated some wealth. He wore broadcloth, and didn't have to divide crumbs with the dogs under the table. That boy was Frederick Douglass.

"What was possible for me is possible for you. Don't think because you are colored you can't accomplish anything. Strive earnestly to add to your knowledge. So long as you remain in ignorance, so long will you fail to command the respect of your fellow-men."

THE "Household Words" tells of a little boy three years old who was told that he must not say goose when he meant more than one, but "geese." Soon after the nursemaid entered the room; said he: "Nursie, when I am alone I'm a goose, but when we are together we are geese."

Our Cozy Corner.

By E. Addie Heath.

I REMEMBER—it was "once upon a time," of course—being with a party of boys and girls. It was in the holidays, when we all were free from school, and bent upon a merry and pleasant time. We had all sorts of games, and all sorts of excursions, and all sorts of plans to make the time pass pleasantly.

But stormy weather we were obliged to stay indoors.

On such occasions some one would read to us, or show us pictures, or talk to us about the best books for young people to read.

One day we had a helpful talk about "Bits and Bridles."

The lady who talked to us made it all so very plain.

We ourselves had never thought much about "Bits and Bridles." I dare say not many other girls and boys have done so.

But as we went on with our talk we learned that "Bits and Bridles" mean as much to boys and girls as they do to horses.

If you will look at the thirty-second Psalm, you will find this curious saying:

"Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee."

Though so unlike each other in most things, this text hints that a child can be like a horse; in fact, that children and grown-up people are in great danger of being like horses and mules. It tells us, too, in what way. It says that horses have no understanding, and must be held in with bit and bridle, if you want to stop or turn them. They have to be forced to do things. *Their rider has to make them go, make them stop, and make them turn round.*

Well, are not boys and girls often like horses in this? Have you ever heard of "lines," and "impositions," and of being "kept in"? Yes, I am sure you have. Well, what are these things? They are the bits and bridles with which young folks have to be driven and guided when they behave as horses do. How often does a mother have to say sadly, "These children won't do what they are told unless I threaten them"? And that means that the children, like mules, only move at the sound of the whip, and only stop at the pull of the bridle.

We know that people are not good unless their hearts are good; that is, unless they do good because they love goodness, and leave off doing bad things because they hate sin with all their might. And a child who in school only obeys through fear, and at home does things in a sulky, pouting way, may not yet be a very bad child, but he is most certainly on the way to become a really wicked man.

But a child understands; he knows what words mean; he knows, too, right from wrong, and he knows God's will about them. So there should be no need of bit and bridle of any sort for us. We should be not horses to obey the bridle, but children to obey from the heart. Pray God, then, to keep you from being like the horse, or the mule, and to be always imitators of God as little children, walking in love, as Christ also loved you, and gave himself up for you.

A Handsome Soul.

ONE day a boy who was taking his first lesson in the art of sliding down-hill, found his feet in too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled and, cap in hand, commenced an apology.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry."

"Never mind that," exclaimed the lady; "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined. I thought you would be angry with me for being so careless."

"Oh! no," she replied; "better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper!"

"Oh! isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

"Who, that lady?" returned his comrade. "If you call her a beauty, you sha'n't choose for me. Why, she is old, and her face is wrinkled!"

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the other, "her soul is handsome, anyhow."

A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he said, "Oh! mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to get mad, I will think of what she said: 'Better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.'"

The Value of a Comma.

WE may not slight even little things, and so little a thing as a comma even has its value.

A Prussian school inspector appeared in the office of the burgomaster of a little town, for the purpose of asking him to accompany him on a tour of inspection through the schools. The burgomaster, rather out of sorts, muttered, "Does this donkey come again?" The inspector awaited his time for a proper answer.

When the inspector was introduced to the teacher, he said he wished to see how well punctuation was taught. The burgomaster, the local supervisory authority, said, "Never mind that; we care not for commas and the like." But the inspector ordered a boy to go to the board, and write, "The burgomaster of R. says, the inspector is a donkey." Then he ordered him to change the comma, by placing it after "R." and inserting one after "inspector." Thus: "The burgomaster of R., says the inspector, is a donkey."

It was a cruel lesson; but it is reasonable to suppose that commas rose in the estimation of the "local supervisory authority."

Friendship of Animals.

SPEAKING of the friendship of animals, a man who has studied wild animals in their native haunts, says he is assured that an attachment not only may but does exist between animals of different species, and that this affection arises from the esteem and good-will cherished each for the other. If we imagine that wild animals of different species are always enemies, we are mistaken, so this hunter tells us. He also says that people who do not know them think that they rush at each other in great anger when they meet; but this is not true.

Sometimes the most astonishing friendship will spring up among wild animals; once out on the great prairies he found a flamingo perched on the back of a buffalo, evidently the two having a perfect understanding. This man says that the test of friendship is the extent to which one friend will seek to secure the happiness and comfort of the other, and that this buffalo and flamingo stood that test very well. He says that the flamingo picked from the back of the buffalo the insects that annoyed him, and that sometimes the flamingo bit the buffalo's back, and the buffalo never resented it, understanding, seemingly, that it was an accident. The buffalo at night would move with the greatest caution lest he disturb the little friend on his back.

Writing.

THE INSTRUMENT OF WISDOM.

QUILL pens are much less used than formerly. Before steel pens were invented, the quill pen was in every writer's hand. It has been said, he who first wrote sense with a goose-quill, borrowed from a foolish bird the instrument of wisdom. A good quill will last longer than a steel pen. One man, who had turned a Latin book into English without changing his pen, ended it thus:

"With one sole pen I wrote this book,
Made of a gray goose-quill;
A pen it was when it I took,
A pen I leave it still."

The pens of the ancients were not quill pens, but made of reeds, iron, or bone. The reed pens continued in use among the monks who made copies of the Holy Scriptures. There is a poem on a pen as old as A. D. 700. This pen was made of a pelican's feather. The swan and the crow also furnish pens; but nothing beats a good goose-quill. A wing supplies five pens. The quills are taken from the ends. By careful management a goose can yield two crops a year—that is, twenty pens.

Steel pens of a barrel shape, like quills, were first made about 1803, by a man named Wise, but they were hard, scratchy things, until Mr. Perry began to make them more elastic, and therefore pleasanter to write with. Other makers followed with their improvements. You can now buy a gross or more of steel pens for as much as one of Mr. Wise's barrel pens used to cost your grandfather.

The lead pencil in its best state is made of a mineral from a Cumberland mine. There is really no lead in it at all. The mineral is plumbago; a mixture of iron and coal, greasy to the touch.

ANCIENT ROLLS.

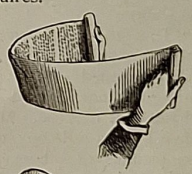
One famous black-lead mine was discovered three hundred years ago. It is in the heart of a high mountain, and guarded by day and night.

The wood of the pencil is red cedar, or Virginian juniper. Pencils are square at first, then rounded by being squeezed through a hole.

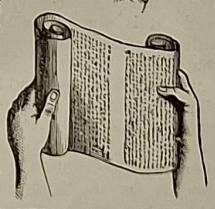
The ancients wrote much on skins, which they sewed or glued together in a long roll, and then wrapped round a stick. Paper itself is called from papyrus, a rush or weed growing in the Nile. A book, anciently, liber, was so called from its being made from the inner rind (liber) of certain trees. The Chinese still make paper from the inner bark of trees.

Rags and tatters make good paper. Those old, dirty rubbish heaps are turned into the most beautiful and clean-looking of all things.

The rags are boiled and reduced to pulp, which is drained of its moisture, bleached, and pressed, and washed again; and beaten and cut once more, and then the pulp is spread on wire cloths. The water drains off, and then a thin layer of pulp is left, and laid on felt, and pressed and sized, and finished off, and folded into reams and quires.



The sheep gives men its skin for parchment. On this material the Hebrews wrote the Bible; though some suppose that Moses wrote the first five books on Egyptian linen.



METHOD OF UNROLLING.

The skins are stripped of the wool, and quick-lime eats off the fleshy parts. They are stretched on frames, and pared and scraped, and rubbed with pumice-stone, and made almost as thin as paper.

The ink of the ancients was similar to India ink, which is made of soot or lamp-black, mixed with gum. This ink is not durable; it can be washed off. Ink ought to bite into the paper.

Powdered gall, well boiled with some chips of log-wood, and mixed with sulphate of iron and some gum, will make ink that endures well.

If you dip a sheet of paper in a solution of galls, and then write on it with a pen dipped in one of sulphate of iron, black letters will be formed; but the pen will make no mark on other paper.

A good inkstand with a lid is important to the writer. Dust makes ink thick; and if the ink is exposed to the air, the water of which the ink is made will evaporate, and leave a hard, dry mass at the bottom of the inkstand.

Charters used to be sealed, not signed. In very old days the sealing-wax was a kind of clay. It may also be made of bees-wax, turpentine, and olive oil well boiled, and poured into cold water.

The best red sealing-wax of modern times has no wax at all in it. It is made of shellac (a resinous substance from the banyan), resin, and vermilion melted over a slow fire.

Wafers are a modern invention, said to be Genoese. They are made of wheat paste, white of

egg, and isinglass. Paste is adhesive because of the gluten in the wheat.

Slates come from Cornwall, Devonshire, North Wales, and some other parts of England. Those on which we write are of a fine texture, made thin

WRITING-CASE.

by cleaving and grinding. The wooden frame saves them often from being broken. The pencils are made from a much softer kind of slate, which contains carbon, and perhaps alum, as they are found near alum beds.

[Chatterbox.

A Novel Way of Helping.

By Eliza T. Sutphen.

A TALL man with brisk, swinging gait was hurrying down the street, a small girl clinging to his hand, scarcely able to keep pace with the minister's rapid stride.

"There's no time to waste in any direction, childie," said he. "Meetings, and sermons, and my large congregation to take care of, besides numberless calls from outside."

His companion looked up with a glance that showed the admiration, bordering on reverence, that she felt for her noted friend, whose every moment was full, yet who was never too busy to talk with the youngest of his congregation, or to perform the simplest act of kindness.

This morning the hastening steps came to a sudden halt. In the center of the sidewalk lay a large stone, rolled to its position by some child in play, but thoughtlessly left directly in the path of pedestrians.

Many had passed and repassed, moving to one side or the other, some remarking on the carelessness which had left the stone in their way, but all too preoccupied or indifferent to remove it.

The minister, loosing the little girl's hand, stooped from his great height and pushed the obstacle from the walk.

"That stone has been obstructing the way for several hours at least, I suppose," said he, musingly, as they proceeded. "Do you know, I can never pass an impediment like that—a stone, a fallen branch, or whatever it may be. My good father taught me, when I was a little boy, to be thoughtful always for the comfort of others, particularly in this simple way. It is one of the 'helps' along life's road, little friend, in which all you children may have a share.

"It recalls to my mind those old verses in Isaiah, about making 'the rough places plain' and 'straight paths for the feet.' Now here is a banana skin," and pausing, with a quick movement he sent the offending object into the road. "I belong to the 'Society for the Restriction of Fruit-skins,'" he said, with a laugh. "They are really dangerous, often occasioning a fall. One never knows what accident he may cause by dropping a skin on the sidewalk, nor what trouble he may prevent by its removal—an accident, perhaps, to a member of one's own family, if not to a member of the one great family of which—and how often we forget it—we all are members."

The little girl said good-by, and ran into her house, but the object-lesson and the little talk remained with her to womanhood. After that she could never pass a fruit-skin, or any object which might cause harm or inconvenience, if it was in her power to remove it. Many of her little friends became interested in this novel way of helping, and before long a "Society for the Restriction of Fruit-skins and Removal of Obstacles" was formed in that very town.

Not only were the streets made safer and pleasanter through the work of this little society, but, interested in this simple means of caring for the welfare of others, they grew to be unconsciously more thoughtful in larger ways.

The involuntary act of the busy minister that morning set in motion forces of helpfulness which have not yet ceased.

The Shamrock of Ireland.

THE white clover is thought by some to be the true shamrock of Ireland. Others believe that it is either the nonesuch, or the oxalis. However, the oxalis is more generally thought to be the true shamrock. All these plants have a trifoliate, or three-parted leaf.

Wherever the shamrock is carved on buildings, or used in jewelry, or on coins, it looks more like the clover leaf. In Dublin both the clover and the nonesuch are sold as the true shamrock. Whichever it may be, however, the shamrock is as dear to the Irish heart as the thistle to the Scotch, or the rose to the English.

The little wood sorrel is the member of the oxalis family which is supposed to be the Irish shamrock. It was called by an old herbalist—those who know about herbs—the shamrog.

An old writer who visited Ireland three hundred years ago, said the people ate the shamrock, and it was sour. Most boys and girls who are familiar with the woods, know the wood sorrel and have eaten it.

In olden times the Irish wore sprigs of shamrock to charm away all evil spirits and witches. They believe, too, that serpents never stung any one who wore a bit of shamrock.

Perhaps some of you may have read or recited the sweet poem entitled, "Grandma's Shamrock." The old grandma has come to live in America, and has become blind.

Here, Gran'ma, here's a present, it has come a distance, too,
'Tis a little pot of shamrock, and it comes addressed to you!
Yes, all the way from Ireland, and the card here mentions more—
They were gathered at your birthplace, on the banks of Avonmore.

Kitty is the name of the little granddaughter who brings them. The dear old grandma can't see them, of course; but she sees something else. Hear what she says:

"These blessed little shamrocks. I can't see them, yet I know
They bring me back the eyesight of the happy long ago,
And rushing through the darkness comes the picture that I love,
The dear green fields of Ireland and the sunny sky above."

And here is the last verse:

"And though I'm truly thankful for the blessing that God's hand
Has brought around me, Kitty, in this great and happy land,
I can't forget the old home, midst the comforts of the new;
My heart is three parts buried where these little shamrocks grew."

I have read that at one of the receptions or "drawing-rooms" given by the Queen of England, the Princess of Wales wore a dress of green velvet over a petticoat of lovely Irish lace. The dress was looped on the side with a bouquet of shamrock leaves and forget-me-nots.

[Selected.

What the Bible Can Do.

TRAVELERS who know India well, also know of a little hamlet of charcoal-burners, in a retired valley of Joshu. A few years ago their manner of life was the rudest possible.

A missionary, in passing through the valley, spoke to the people. Two men became interested and purchased copies of the New Testament. Their employers soon noticed a change in the grade of charcoal from these two men—it was more carefully burned, was better packed, and free from stones and grass. This charcoal was looked upon as a special brand, and brought a special price. On Sunday work was suspended, and these men, with their families, gathered for religious worship and the study of the Bible.

Soon after, they began to reclaim the mountain land about them, to plant wheat and garden stuff, and recently one has become forehanded enough to build a neat frame house in place of his old hut. His employers say he is the most efficient and trustworthy man in the mountain. He himself says he owes his new vigor to his weekly day of rest, and that without it and his Testament he could not do his work.

For Bright Boys & Girls

Things To Find Out.

31. What was the date of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States?
32. What American general led his men up a steep and narrow path to a conflict in which the commanders on both sides were killed?
33. Where was the first battle of the War of the Revolution fought?
34. What noted financier managed the money matters of the Americans during the War of the Revolution?
35. Who was "Light-horse Harry"?
36. What great American general made a famous march which has been immortalized in song?
37. For what is West Point noted?
38. To whom, at the close of the Civil War, did General Lee surrender?
39. How long did the Civil War last?
40. What was the sobriquet given to Thomas J. Jackson, the noted Confederate general?

Answers to questions in January 17:

21. Longfellow lived for several years at "Craigie House," where General Washington had his headquarters when he assumed command of the American army.
22. "Sunnyside" was the house in which Washington Irving resided at Irvington, N. Y.
23. "Wayside," in Concord, Mass., was the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
24. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," and "Over the Tea-cups."
25. "The Old Manse," in Concord, Mass., was the home for many years of Ralph Waldo Emerson.
26. Bayard Taylor named his home in Pennsylvania "Cedarcroft."
27. One of the most attractive homes in Hartford, Conn., was that occupied by Samuel L. Clemens, "Mark Twain." The library has a handsome fireplace, over which is the motto, "The ornaments of a house are the friends who frequent it."
28. James Russell Lowell was born and lived for many years at "Elmwood," in Cambridge, Mass.
29. The "Biglow Papers" were a series of humorous political poems written by James Russell Lowell, chiefly relating to slavery and the war.
30. Edgewood, near New Haven, Conn., is the estate of Donald G. Mitchell, better known as "Ik Marvel."

The Beavers' Testimony.

BEAVERS, as you know, build dams. A great many years ago there was a dam across one of the Pennsylvania streams which was built by beavers. In the sale of some land, which took place in the early part of this century, one of the dividing lines was this beaver dam. Recently the heirs to it had a dispute, for the beaver dam had entirely disappeared, and the contestants claimed that the line was at some other point than that claimed by the plaintiffs. To settle the question, an expert on beavers and their habits, was sent to the point where it was claimed the old beaver dam had been built. Work began, and there, in the bed of the creek, was found the remains of the old beaver dam that had been built before the Revolutionary War. The sticks were found with the marks of the beavers' teeth upon them. On the testimony of the expert the claim was decided.

[Outlook.

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